

# Rangeley Lakes.

VOL. I.

RANGELEY, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1895.

NO. 20.

## ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

### A Trip to Martin Fuller's Camp on the Slopes of Saddleback.

It's high in the air and far in the woods, —is Camp Among the Clouds.

It is not an unbroken solitude up there, for the shriek of the locomotive whistle can now and then be heard; but it comes with such a faint, far-off sound that it makes the hearer realize how distant civilization must be.

From Rangeley village to the camps it is one continual series of rises, and before you're half way there you'll find yourself wondering why you aren't already among the clouds. But when you reach the camps it is only to find that the end is not yet, for far above tower the granite-capped peaks of Saddleback. To come back to Rangeley once more—the start is made over the hill toward Greenville. On top of Hill No. 1 the road turns at right angles to the left. Then is commenced the ascent of Hill No. 2. On the summit of this hill the road turns to the right and runs along on a comparatively level stretch for a short distance. Then comes Hill No. 3, at the top of which ends the carriage road.

Here you bid adieu to civilization, plunge into the woods and follow the buckboard road  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the camp. For a short distance the road descends, but 'tis only a breath-catcher for the climb to come. The first mile or so is through a growth of hardwoods, whose high trunks and wide-spreading branches let an abundance of light and heat into the path. As the road rises, the darker hues of the evergreen trees begin to creep in, and soon their dense foliage darkens the pathway, but at the same time fills the air with that rich, resinous odor, characteristic of the Maine forest.

But I'm lingering too long by the way.

#### THE ROAD

winds up and around the foothills in an easy, sinuous manner which partially does away with the sharpness of the ascent. The last quarter mile to the camps is a sharp descent, for the cabins are built on the shore of a pond lying in a deep ravine between two foothills. By the time the camps are reached you are ready for breakfast, dinner, or supper, as the case may be—and it doesn't make any difference how much you ate before you left Rangeley or how large a lunch you devoured on the way—the combination of mountain air and mountain climbing is warranted to cure the most aggravated case of "loss of appetite" or "full feeling after eating." If Mr. Fuller ever decides to establish a sanitarium up there, I offer the above catch-lines as the nucleus of a medical advertisement. But he won't have to do the latter for a good many years, as the ponds are well-stocked with fish and the forests with game.

The cabins already built are two in number; but the logs are all cut for more, which will be built before another season. The main cabin is cosy and well arranged. The front half makes one large sitting-room, and the rear is divided into four sleeping rooms, two on the ground floor and two above. The stairway rises from a landing in the center of the room. The interior finish is of white spruce boards, whose smooth-planed surface offers an irresistible attraction to a person with a pencil. Although this is the first season, the walls are thickly covered with the names of visiting parties, making a register more interesting than the stereo-

typed book where everybody signs their name and residence. Among the names on the walls are here and there a clever sketch from the pencil of a Boston artist, Mr. Hardwick, who was one of the first visitors to the camp.

Among other things worth the noting are "Martin's easychairs." They are the only specimens of rustic furniture which I ever saw that I can honestly say are comfortable to sit in. I've seen very artistic combinations of twisted trunks and crooked roots. They were beautiful to look at, but when you sat down in them you felt as though you were being prod-ded with pitchforks from fifteen different directions. A person can even enjoy a smoke seated in one of Martin's chairs, which is more than I can say for any previously-encountered rustic easychair, so-called.

#### GOOD TRAILS.

have been cut through from the camps to the other six ponds of the Saddleback system. These ponds, high up as they are, abound with trout of the gamiest kind, and in the darksome pools of Deep and Bedroom Ponds lurk many trout which will weigh from two to four pounds. During all the season the fish rise freely and furnish excellent sport with the fly.

These well-watered valleys and thickly-wooded slopes naturally furnish the best possible stamping ground for large game, while ducks and partridge abound. By another season this region will be better known to the sporting public and the travel thither will be much greater.

Mr. Fuller has cut a trail to the top of Saddleback from whose summit the visitor has one of the finest views in New England. No person should leave Rangeley without making the ascent of the mountain.

I would tell you of my trip to the top were it not, as Kipling says, another story—and a long one. E. C. D.

#### Notes from the New Hotel.

Work began on the foundation last Thursday and is being pushed. A. J. Haley has begun on the new part. This will be put up and ready for the first section of the old house, when it arrives, and by the time the second section is moved over the new will be nearly completed outside.

The road to the hotel will be the present one as far as the cottage, from there it will turn toward the lake, then make an easy curve, passing a short distance from the kitchen, will come up in front of the house under a *porte cochere*. No other roads are to be built this year, though it is possible that next season, a floating bridge may be built across the cove to a point near the foot of Lake street, at the steamer landing, for convenience of the guests in reaching the steamer and for a short cut to the Post Office.

A plank walk will be laid from the hotel, passing north of the cottage and connecting with the present walk near Main St.

A private wharf is to be built on the point near where the old wharf now stands.

The changes inside are numerous, in the basement is to be a baggage room with an elevator running to the upper floor, a billiard and pool room, as mentioned last week, closets and wash room. These rooms will be reached from the office, in-

side, and by stairs from the piazza, outside.

Work has already been commenced on a ditch for the pipes to bring the celebrated Rangeley Mineral water direct to the house, and another spring, on the hillside, is to furnish water for other purposes.

The location of the house is perfection, it is far enough out to get the lovely view down the lake, elevated so that the hills and mountains surrounding, are all in sight, while from either side or end a magnificent prospect is before you, consequently every room in the house will command a look upon some attractive scene.

It will be hard to distinguish the front of the house. The main entrance will be on the side facing the village. The opposite side will be the one chiefly appropriated by the guests on account of facing the lake. The broad slope from this side will be handsomely laid out into recreation grounds, with paths and beds of flowers. To the north is the direction in which the hotel will grow, and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see, a year from this time, another addition being built.

The whole house will be wired for electric and in case a plant is not established in town, the hotel will furnish its own power.

H. M. Burrows, Esq., an attorney from East Orange, N. J., is to be associated with the Messrs. Marble in the business of the new hotel.

#### BOUND TO GROW.

### Rangeley Will Surely Be a Great Summer Resort.

"I have watched the growth of Rangeley with a great deal of interest," said Dr. T. D. Myers, of Philadelphia, to a RANGELEY LAKES man the other day. Then he continued:

"But it is yet in its infancy, so to speak. As far as natural advantages go Rangeley is surpassed by few, if any, localities. It is a beautiful country and high above the sea level, thus giving health seekers that rarified air they enjoy.

"The day of Rangeley as a mere sporting camp is past, and each year will see a further advance in the direction of the dress suit and the evening party. A few years ago everybody who went to the Adirondacks wore a flannel shirt; but nowadays he packs a dress suit, Prince Albert and silk hat. That's the difference.

"I've seen the same change in Jackson, N. H. A few years since, not over fifty persons went there in the run of a season, and they went for shooting. This year there have been over 5,000 visitors there. Hotels have been built, and all the farmers are taking summer boarders. You will see the same thing in Rangeley in a few years."

"How about the game laws?"

"Well," replied the Doctor, "I think the killing of does and fawns should be prohibited at all times. Then I think the season should be so changed as to allow deer shooting from the middle of August to the first of November. If this were the case many sportsmen, who now go to other localities, would come here, because they could bring their families for an outing and enjoy the shooting at the same time."

## GOOD NEWS FOR PHILLIPS.

### Harry Austin, of Weld, May Move His Spool Mill to This Place.

A well attended meeting of business men of Phillips was held in the office of the new bank Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 2, to consider propositions from Harry B. Austin, Esq., of Weld, relative to moving his spool factory from that town to Phillips.

Mr. Austin was present and the conditions under which he will make the change, are these. A suitable lot to be furnished him for his factory, a guarantee from responsible parties of at least 1000 cords of birch, per year, for ten years. He says he asks no money from the town, but if the town sees fit to instruct the assessors to make a nominal assessment of his property it would be accepted by him as showing that the town is anxious for him to come. There can be no question about his first desire being granted, the money to pay for the lot can be raised in an hour. For the guarantee there is a variety of opinions. While there seems to be no doubt that twice the amount of birch can be had each year, to find responsible parties to guarantee it may cause a hitch. The amount can be pledged by those who have birch to sell, and in a few moments 950 cords were counted for the first year.

The third proposition will go through with a rush at the special town meeting next Saturday. No vote against such a move will be cast. It all rests on the guarantee.

For benefits to Phillips, the number is legion, a few of them are: a mill costing from \$6,000 to \$10,000; from 12 to 15 families, probably fifty persons, added to the town's population. As the heads of these families are skilled workmen, and have been in the employ of Mr. Austin for some years, it means that each would require a home and ten or a dozen houses would be built. Valuations would take a turn and rise instead of going down. The demand for birch would be increased, and during the winter and spring 20 or 30 extra hands would be employed. As Mr. Austin conducts a strictly cash business it would place much money in circulation and enable all to buy for cash and would go far towards making Phillips a cash town.

Mr. Austin says it costs about \$6000 to buy birch, \$6000 to make it into squares, and still more to finish it into spools. Here is at least \$20,000 a year to be expended. Do you want it? There was never offered a town so much for so little. Strain every nerve and secure it.

Don't let it pass!

#### Phillips.

Mrs. Horace Prescott has so far recovered as to be able to walk up street Friday, the first time for a year.

The public installation of the officers-elect of Blue Mountain Lodge, F. & A. M., took place at Masonic Hall, Phillips, last Wednesday evening. There was a large attendance of the brethren and their families and friends. District Deputy Grand Master N. P. Noble was installing officer and performed the ceremony in a very interesting and impressive manner. After installation, a program including singing by the male quartet of Phillips, readings by Misses Bangs and Timberlake and declamation by L. F. Hoyt. After this came speeches, refreshments and a social hour.



## ADIRONDACK GAME NOTES.

## Bear and Deer Disappearing, and Small Fur-bearing Animals Nearly Gone.

[Northwood (N. Y.) Dispatch to N. Y. Sun].

In the past year the lumber camps on Moose River and in the West Canada Creek region have contained hunters who showed no respect for the game laws. In the West Canada Creek camps are men who at the end of last fall's hunting season told of the number of deer they had killed. The lawful limit is two, yet one man contends that he killed twenty-two last fall. He brought out twelve hides. That the number of deer has decreased 60 per cent. in the last six years is a conservative statement. It is also true that deer are not so plentiful by 20 per cent. this year as they were last year.

Last spring dozens of dead deer were found in the neighborhood of Moose River lumber camps, and there was a dispute as to what had killed them—starvation, disease, or lumbermen's rifles. That they could starve to death in the Adirondacks is deemed almost impossible. That they died of disease is possible, but that lumbermen killed them is the probable explanation. Up to Aug. 15 of last year more than twenty deer had been seen round Northwood. Not more than six had been reported up to that time this year. At Morehouseville there has been an apparent increase, and the same can be said of North Lake, but back of Morehouseville and beyond North Lake there are active lumber operations, and the deer have been driven out.

The deer will not be able to survive the slaughter much longer, and it is believed that unless hounding be stopped within a year the deer will be soon a thing of the past in the Adirondacks as moose now are.

The killing of dozens of foxes last winter by trappers and fur hunters has saved a good many young partridges, and the birds are unusually numerous this fall about the clearings. A good many large bags have been reported so far, and the dogs work well on the ground where the birds are found at this season. Later the birds will be in the trees building or feeding on the mast, and will not be procured so easily.

Woodcock are plentiful enough for brisk sport if the hunter has a good dog. They seem to be about as plentiful as ever in this region, but a little wilder than last year. Visiting sportsmen have killed a good lot of them.

Bears are scarcer than heretofore. The bounty law is doing its work. The legislators who put a bounty on bears made as foolish a blunder, people hereabouts say, as they well could make. It is a common impression that bears are extremely vicious, and are voracious eaters of pigs and sheep. A man who has tried a still hunt for them in this region knows better, at least as far as Adirondack bears are concerned. The Adirondack bear is timid, as a deer, and does less harm to sheep and pigs than does a dog. People say that no pig or sheep was ever killed by a bear in this region, and that an Adirondack bear would not tackle a man any sooner than a partridge would.

Of the fur-bearing animals few remain. Mink, muskrats, foxes, fishers, skunks and martens are disappearing. Trappers are catching them fast. Otters are extremely rare, and soon will be gone entirely.

## A Tale of a Tail.

A truthful person relates the following, having witnessed it personally: A friend had received a present of a bull terrier pup and in order to have it in fashion, had engaged a surgeon to amputate portions of its ears and tail. All was in readiness when the pup gave such a sorrowful look at the owner that he relented, and said he would keep the dog entire. He gave the pup its liberty and, as if in gratitude, the canine stood erect on the end of his tail and the tail wagged the dog.

## "THE ALCHEMY OF INFLUENCE."

A Paper Read at the 20th Anniversary of North Franklin Grange, No. 186, Written by Mrs. M. J. Fultz, of Phillips.

This title I have borrowed from Professor Henry Drummon's book entitled, "The Changed Life."

Those who have read it will remember that he treats the subject wholly from a spiritual standpoint, which I shall not do on the present occasion.

I quote this sentence from him: "No person can meet another, face to face, and especially talk with him, without leaving his mark on him."

I always had a tendency to moralize, and I am going to do so with this subject and apply it to our Granges and their possibilities. The word Alchemy, denotes here the "power of change." Making our subject practically read. Each individual has the power of changing his, or her influence, as in a broader view, each body or society has the power of changing their influence.

Our Granges taken together are a powerful body. Separately, though less powerful, a power. A body of fifty men and women banded together, can do a great deal. Many towns, villages and cities, have been built up from less numbers. Now firstly—as our clerical brethren say—our organization was first formed to aid agriculture. What has been the Alchemy of influence in this direction?

I contend that a grange composed of fifty members, can influence that town in the line of agriculture, so that every man will know for what his land is best suited, how he can raise the most profitable crops. What kind of stock is best and most profitable; what compost is best for the different kinds of land, how to raise the best fruit, and what care to give the different trees and vines; how to make a half acre of land out a ton of hay, instead of spending three days with a span of horses and a yoke of oxen, and mowing machine, gathering up the same amount off of five or six acres of worn out land, and then not have it half as good. How to make two pounds of pork instead of one off of the same pig, and whether it is profitable to try and hold a hundred and fifty acres of land, with a mortgage on it, instead of as many as can be used with profit. That it is cheaper also to put under cover, hayracks, horserake, plough, carts, mowing-machine, harrow, etc. etc. than to leave them out in rains and snows. That it is better to have good fences than to run after cattle, and having the crops destroyed by them. Now you ask, why do I contend that a granger should know all this, and what has this to do with my subject? Simply this; the influence of fifty men and women, meeting together from week to week, and exchanging thoughts and experiences would produce these results.

Let me refer you to our Ritual, "History proves, that where agriculture has been fostered, that nation has prospered, and reached a high degree of perfection."

Again, the farmer must be earnest in his labor, knowing full well, that if he fails to sow, he cannot reap, let me counsel you therefore to be an active laborer, that your influence may be felt. Now have I not a right to this protest, and if it has not been so in the past, why not bring to bear this Alchemy of Influence and change the whole thing.

Secondly, the influence of a grange in a place, should not make it prosperous only as far as property is concerned, and the knowledge of agriculture, but its influence should be felt morally and socially. Fifty persons, with the obligations of our ritual fully carried out, would moralize a whole town. Let me also prove this from the same source.

"I will conform to, and abide by the conditions, rules and regulations of the National State and Subordinate Grange" and we all know what this requires of us. Farther on, "I will not, knowingly wrong

or defraud a brother or sister of the Order, in word or deed, nor will I permit it to be done by another if in my power to prevent it."

Page 28—The labours of husbandman and his surroundings begets refinement of feeling, and kindly sentiment. Guard against selfishness. If thine enemy hungers, feed him, do good, hoping for nothing. Again, love one another, and above all, exercise charity, which is the bond of perfectness, of which Paul wrote.

Page 36—Know thyself, remember your dignity—be generous, ever merciful to the erring—When the poor groan on the bed of sickness or the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head with age lift up a feeble eye for pity, aid them to the extent of your ability.

When the fatherless call upon you, when the widow's heart is sunk and she needs assistance, hear and pity their afflictions and extend your hand to those who have no one to help. Thus copying the example of the great Shepherd, you may be enabled to say, The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want.

"Therefore be ye helpers one of another, for we are all brethren."

Again—"Strive to make your homes beautiful, make them more and more attractive. Adorn the family circle with the noble traits of a kindly disposition, fill its atmosphere with affection, for love is the only enduring power."

Will not all this alchemize the influence of a town, a neighborhood, a city, a country even?

The education of our children would be under the influence of the right persons in the right place. Our moral and social problems would be solved by this ritualistic power, our officials would be chosen by them, our temperance work would be encouraged by them all along the lines, and I solemnly protest, that as Grangers, strictly keeping our ritual obligations, all this moral and social reform could, and should be accomplished.

I am aware that I have been very positive in my assertions. I am aware that I have given to Grangers the work of almost impossibilities to do, but I can substantiate the truth of all this from the same authority.

"A good patron, places faith in God, nurtures hope, dispenses charity and is noted for fidelity." I could never understand why every Granger was not a christian. Our church obligations are no stronger in their relations than in the Grange, we promise no more and we do not repeat the covenant near as often. There is not a meeting of the Grange but prayer is offered and our promises renewed. The entire opening prayer of our service proves this, and the benediction on page 10 has this sentence. "We are constantly passing over obstacles in the field of life, confidently believing that God will ultimately bring us through \* \* \* In the presence of our Heavenly Father, and these witnesses, we do hereby pledge our sacred honor."

The worthy Chaplain's counsel also. "God is a Shepherd and His people are the sheep of His pasture, you have therefore an adorable Patron in your high and holy duties. To keep in safty those in the fold and to reclaim the wondering to your sacred charge. Be patient with the wayward, carefully instruct the erring, diligently seek and bring back the straying and those who are cast out."

Beautiful sentiments that practiced, cannot fail to lead to a higher life. Again, be ever ready to forgive, remember he that refuses forgiveness, breaks the bridge over which he must pass, for all need forgiveness. "Thy people shall be my people and my God thy God."

I might prolong these quotations but it is unnecessary.

What cannot the Grangers of America do, with their professed faith in God and the united prayers of so many members? The grange ought to be a co-worker with the church, encouraging and supporting

all her interest as a part of her own work. Yet it is a strange thing that these two bodies are oftentimes far apart and the idea is often advanced that a church member has no right to be a Granger. How many times do we here this question asked: What good is the grange doing? We like to answer it by asking: What is there that she cannot do? and also: What are the responsibilities of each individual, if not living up to the full principles of this agricultural, moral, social, and spiritual life? We need not excuse ourselves because we are not competent to accomplish all this, the promise, in the strength of Jehovah and His strength has never failed.

Phillips, Me., Oct. 1, 1895.

## PHILLIPS LOCALS.

Such lovely October weather!

This must be Indian Summer!

Miss Mertie Pratt went to Farmington last week.

Col. E. M. Robinson went to Portland last week.

The graduating class at the High School numbers five.

Lafe Plaisted and John Adams are threshing in this vicinity.

Moses W. Harden is out and again at his chair in his barber shop.

I. W. Greene, wife and daughter, of Coplin, were in town Thursday.

A. T. Hinkley, of Phillips, is one of Bates' varsity foot ball team this fall.

William Shepard was at his farm in Sandy River Plantation last week, for hay.

Rev. Mr. Sewall occupied the pulpit at Union Church last Sabbath in exchange with Mr. Ranney.

The feeling seems to be growing in town that the filling of the Sandy River trestles means that the broad gauge is surely coming to Phillips.

At last week's meeting of the G. A. R. Post, the ladies of the Relief Corps surprised the veterans with a lunch at the conclusion of their meeting.

It is surmised by some that the broad gauge will come, and that the rails now in use from Farmington to Phillips will be used for an extension of the P. & R.

Rev. Mr. Ranney is away for a two weeks vacation. He will visit New Hampshire and New York State during his absence, attending a Convention in the latter.

William Shepard and Dan. Wells are at work at Pleasant Valley Mill, putting the water wheel in order and fixing up generally for the fall sawing, if the fall rains bring up the stream.

The first lyceum of the school year was held Thursday evening. The following officers have been elected: President, Bert Peabody; vice president, Montie Ross; secretary and treasurer, Cherry Bangs; executive committee, Josie Beedy, Lillie Sedgely, Lee Ross and Arno Pratt.

Geo. D. Austin, for many years a resident of this town and for five years postmaster, has decided to sell his home place and household goods and go to California. Mr. Austin is forced to leave Maine on account of his health, having been ill quite a part of the time for two years past. We will all miss both he, and his estimable wife and sincerely hope the change will effect a cure and enable him to return to Phillips.

## Redington.

A. J. Toothaker was down to Sanders' Station Saturday and loaded thirteen horses for the Redington Lumber Company. They were brought here to be put in condition for the winter's work.

Miss Philomelia Greene and Miss Sanborn, from the Normal School, were visiting Miss Greene's sister, Mrs. A. J. Lambert last week.



## A Cosy Corner for the Ladies.

It is written, "man shall not live by bread alone," and whether this be taken in a literal or figurative sense, it is equally true. A man may be well fed, and yet be starving, so far as his higher nature is concerned. He goes through life having eyes, but seeing not. Nature is to him a sealed book, whose pages he not only does not read, but has no wish even to glance at. Such persons are hopeless, and these words are not for them; but rather for the patient Marthas who rarely take a holiday even when they would like it as well as others. This is not a sermon, though it may seem like it; but it was recently the writer's good fortune to take several drives over hills, through woods of many colors, with ever and always in view the distant mountains whose absence is so keenly felt when a native of New England journeys to other states. These lovely autumn days cannot last forever; but before the leaves fall I wish that every mother would give herself and the little ones a half day, if a whole one cannot be spared, in the woods and fields. I assure you that the time would be well spent, and in no way could you give the children more pleasure. Should the father be able to go also, it would be better still. There are many days in the writer's calendar made bright by such excursions. One was a day spent several miles from home gathering ferns for use in winter. The skies were cloudless, the air delightful, and the ferns were legion; such delicate tints, all shades of green and brown, and fading from these to purest white. The children were as enthusiastic as their parents, as indeed children always are who are made companions of, and time for returning came all too soon. The day was done, but its memory is still sweet, as was the fragrance of the ferns in the winter that soon followed. Who will try a fall picnic? from which they will return with a store of pleasant thoughts, and appetites to which many are strangers. Coming from such an outing, something hearty will be relished; and in the Bangor Commercial Henrietta L. Rowe gives these

### SAVORY SUPPER DISHES:

It has always seemed to me that next in importance to the breakfast the last meal of the day, which is generally supper, in this section of New England, should be looked after most carefully. When the noon dinner is the hearty meal of the day the supper is, too often, perhaps, made up of sweet dishes which though doubtless satisfying to the many who keep up this practice are far less valuable than when only a limited amount of preserves and rich cake are indulged in and some warm appetizing dish takes their place. As a nation, we are accused of eating too large an amount of meat. The high prices of the past year may have had some effect in reducing the amount used but there are a large number of so-called "hearty" dishes which may be prepared without meat or with only a small amount used where we may get the same sort of building material which the meat furnishes us, in, perhaps both a simpler and more digestible as well as a cheaper form, from the use of milk, eggs, fish and cheese, the latter, however, being the least digestible. Moreover, the warm supper with its steaming fragrance is more inviting on a chilly evening than the finest, cold repast and a fitting type of the warmth and comfort of "home, sweet home," to the tired householder.

A great many left-overs can be made into appetizing supper dishes and with comparatively little trouble. A delicately seasoned hash of meat, fish or vegetables makes a most savory meal. For variety these hashes may be made up into cakes and browned delicately in a frying-pan or washed over with milk and with a bit of butter on top of each cake be put into a

hot oven to become a rich golden brown. If the amount of potato is limited, soft bread crumbs may be made to act as substitutes wholly or in part. Cold boiled rice or macaroni (the latter chopped fine) may also be used in the same way.

A very little cold, chopped meat, combined with other materials, can be served in the most appetizing way. Of such combinations the following escallops recently proved most satisfactory:

### TOMATO AND MEAT ESCALLOP.

For this the amount required for a family of five would be as follows: One cupful of soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 4 good-sized tomatoes, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 cupful of finely chopped meat. Butter an earthen dish which can be used on the table when the escallop is served. Melt the butter and stir into the bread crumbs so that each crumb may be thoroughly buttered. In the bottom of the dish put a layer of the buttered crumbs, then a deeper layer of the tomatoes which have been previously peeled and sliced, and spread over this a thin layer of the chopped meat. Season lightly with salt, pepper, celery salt and a few drops of onion juice if liked, then cover the tomatoes with more buttered crumbs, continuing this until the dish is filled and having a layer of crumbs at the top, cover closely and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes or until the tomatoes are tender, then remove the cover to brown the crumbs and serve very hot. If the crumbs used are soft no water need be added as the tomatoes will moisten the whole; but if dry crumbs are substituted enough water may be added to the melted butter to moisten the crumbs.

Another delicious way of preparing a "left over" for supper is the following:

### METROPOLITAN TOAST.

For this dish, cold chicken, lamb or veal is best but beef is also delicious when thus prepared. For this, toast to a delicate brown six or eight slices of either white or whole wheat flour bread. When toasted cut from the center with a biscuit cutter circles of toast leaving the corners to garnish the edges of the platter. Arrange the circles of toast daintily on a platter and place where they will keep warm. Meanwhile make a thin white sauce using a tablespoonful each of butter and flour to a pint of liquid which may be all milk or a part milk and part stock if the white meats are used. When the sauce is smooth and slightly thickened, add 1 cupful of chopped meat and season the whole to taste with salt and white pepper. When thoroughly heated pour the mixture over the circles of toast and sprinkle over the whole a little, crisp chopped celery. Serve immediately, that the celery may not become wilted. Crisped crackers are easily prepared and are very appetizing. For this the common round cracker or the soda cracker may be used, first spreading the cracker (which if round should be split in two) with butter, then placing in a baking-pan, sprinkling liberally with a mild grated cheese, to which a bit of cayenne pepper may or may not be added as you choose. Put the pan into a hot oven and leave the crackers only until the cheese is just melted and the crackers are lightly browned. Serve at once as the cheese will harden in cooling. A refreshing accompaniment to these crackers will be found in baked apples prepared like the following:

### APPLE CUPS.

Take fair good-sized apples, red cheeked if possible, wipe and remove the core and bake until just tender. When cold cut in halves, set on end with the cut sides uppermost, sprinkle over the top a teaspoonful of granulated sugar if the apples are sour and then cap the whole with a teaspoonful of sweetened cream whipped very stiff. These are very dainty and have a most attractive appearance. One-half of a cup of cream will, when whipped, furnish enough for half a dozen apples.

By the way buttered apples are delicious when fine flavored tart apples are used. For this use the proportions of one-half a

cup of butter to every quart of apples which have been pared, cored and cut into quarters. Put the apples and butter in a graniteware sauce-pan and add a very little water to keep them from sticking. Cook quickly, stirring occasionally and when nearly soft sweeten to taste with white sugar. When soft, spread over slices of toasted bread which have been moistened by dipping for a second in hot water. Serve very hot with just a sprinkling of cinnamon or grated nutmeg over the top.

An attractive combination of oysters and macaroni is the following. The amounts given are sufficient for eight people:

### OYSTERS AND MACARONI.

Break one-half pound of macaroni in small pieces and boil until tender, then drain and spread part of it over the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Pour over this a pint of oysters washed and drained, cover with two tablespoonfuls of butter in small bits, a tablespoonful of salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of pepper with the rest of the macaroni. Beat two eggs well, add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls of cold milk, pour over the macaroni and cover the top with  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful of fine cracker crumbs. Bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes or till the crumbs are brown.

### The Lady or the Tiger, Which?

Will Moulton, while on his recent visit to Phillips, told a rich joke on himself, or on the other party, and as but few of his friends were present we will repeat it.

A family had just moved into one of his houses and the mistress called at his office and told him that the stairs had been painted for a wide carpet, while her's was a narrow one and as it left bare spots each side, looked very badly. She said the whole hall needed painting and if he would look at it he would think so too. He took a can of paint and went down, but on opening the can and trying to use it found that it was but little improvement on water, it wouldn't color or stay where he put it. However he went over the woodwork and left intending to return in a day or two and complete the work. Business took him from town and it was ten days before he could again look after the paint and in the meantime his whiskers had been allowed to grow and his appearance was somewhat changed. He took good paint this time and rung the bell, the lady of the house came to the door and understood why he was there but did not recognize him. She at once launched out some what after this style "Oh, you are the man that Moulton sent down here to paint, well I'm glad to see you, come in and take a look at what he did the other day. Did you ever see anything like it? The idea of a man doing a job of work like that. Why I could do better with my broom dipped in a mud-puddle. If I couldn't paint better than that I would go on a farm and drive oxen. There, you go at it as if you knew something, that looks like business." And so it went on for the hour he was at work, an occasional word, dropped by the painter, would again start her on her tirade. He kept a sober countenance during it all and left amid profound thanks for such nice work.

Rent day arrived shortly and with the monthly bill he again called at the house his ring being answered as before by the lady. This time, however, she recognized in the caller, the owner and the two painters she seized the bill, ran for the cash and sent it out by one of the children. Later, meeting Mr. Moulton on the street, she began an apology, but was laughed out of it, and told that he never enjoyed a joke so much in his life.

### Dallas.

Daisy Oakes is sick with throat trouble. George Batcheler is digging a well, but at a depth of 20 feet he found no signs of water.

Andrew Bubier is failing fast.

John Bubier, of Dead River, called on his uncle, Andrew Bubier, last week

## Rangeley P. O.

### Office Hours.

6.45 A. M. to 12 M. 12.30 P. M. to 6 P. M.  
6.30 P. M. to 8.30 P. M.

### Sunday.

10 to 11 A. M. 5 to 6 P. M

### Mails Depart.

Railway Mails, Daily, 10.45 A. M., and 1.30 P. M.  
Down the Lake, Daily, 7 A. M.  
For Kennebago Lake, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 7.50 A. M.  
For Greenville, Daily, on arrival of train

### Mails Arrive.

Railway Mails, Daily, 7.10 P. M.  
Up the Lake, Daily, 10 A. M.  
From Kennebago Lake, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 4 P. M.  
From Greenville, Daily, 9 P. M.

Mails CLOSE Fifteen Minutes Before Departure.

E. I. HERRICK, P. M.

## Job Printing

NEATLY EXECUTED,

At This OFFICE.

## LAND IN CALIFORNIA.

I can sell parties who are desirous of locating in California, Real Estate in any quantity from 5 to 1000 or more acres, situated in, what I consider the best part of California, from 20 to 50 miles from the ocean, just brought into the market by the Coast Line R. R. from San Francisco to Los Angeles. I do not urge people to leave Maine, but if any are coming here, I can help them to land at from \$5 to \$50 per acre, as good as can be bought in other parts of the state; for \$400 per acre. Climate fine. Well wooded, pine and oak. Good water. This is the best chance for a poor man to get land and make a start of any place I have seen in this state. For particulars write or call on me.

Address, SEWARD DILL,  
Soquel, Santa Cruz Co., California; or  
A. R. BOOTH,  
El Paso de Robles, San Luis Obispo Co., Cal.

## PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free. Building Edition, monthly, \$2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.



## Rangeley Lakes.

Published every Thursday morning, by the

Rangeley Lakes Publishing Company,

HARRY P. DILL AND ELLIOTT C. DILL,  
Editors and Proprietors.

Entered at the Rangeley (Maine) Office,  
as Second Class Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 Per Year  
In Advance.

Devoted to the Interests of the Whole  
Rangeley Lakes Region.

ADVERTISING Rates Reasonable, and will  
be made known on application.

Address all communications to  
RANGELEY LAKES, Rangeley, Maine.

RANGELEY, ME., THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1895.

## Maine's Liveliest Sporting : Weekly.

Though but five months  
old RANGELEY LAKES is  
more widely quoted than  
any weekly of its class.  
Its original hunting and  
fishing stories take the  
sportsman's eye. Are YOU  
on its list? If not, send  
us a dollar, and receive

## RANGELEY LAKES

For One Year.

B. F. Spinney & Co., who run a large  
shoe factory in Norway, are cramped for  
room and wish that town to build them a  
three story building 190x60 feet. Norway  
has had a hard time through fire, but they  
will let no part of Spinney & Co's busi-  
ness locate elsewhere.

In another column will be found an  
interesting article on "Adirondack Game  
Notes." This article furnishes a strik-  
ing illustration of the results of lax en-  
forcement of the game laws. The time  
was when the Adirondack region was  
filled with big game, but protective laws  
were not enacted till the supply was  
greatly reduced and even then little heed  
was paid to them. The result is clearly  
shown in the above mentioned article.  
Few deer are left, moose and caribou are  
exterminated and the game laws merely  
a laughing stock. The Adirondacks  
furnish an object lesson to Maine which  
the latter State should heed. Through  
wise gamelaws uniformly respected  
Maine's large and small game is yet  
well-preserved, and is a source of im-  
mense income from visiting sportsmen.  
If our game laws continue to be re-  
spected—and enforced—this fall travel  
will grow to much larger proportions.  
But to grow lax in the matter of en-  
forcement is to kill the goose that laid  
the golden egg.

**Job Printing** NEATLY  
EXECUTED  
At Rangeley Lakes Printing Office.

### 'TWIXT YOU AND ME.

The leaves are falling fast—and so are  
the deer.

With a masked-burgler act one day and  
a bare-knuckled prize fight on Sunday,  
Lewiston is growing decidedly sen-  
sational.

Ice Cream, Mice, Scream. It's funny,  
the effect these words have on the average  
woman. Two letters make all the differ-  
ence in the world.

It is to be hoped that the Texas legisla-  
tors, called to prohibit prize fighting will  
not come to blows.—Portland Express.

Generally there is more blowing than  
business in such places.

The Lisbon Falls Enterprise come to us  
this week in a new dress. New type and  
a good make-up give the Enterprise  
the appearance of a daily paper—and the  
evident hustle back of it is a promise that  
it will some day reach that stage.

For uniqueness the following appeal of  
a country editor leads the van: "If you  
have frequent headaches, dizziness and  
fainting spells accompanied by chills, chil-  
blains, epilepsy and jaundice, it is a sign  
you are not well, but liable to die any  
minute. Pay your subscription a year in  
advance, and thus make yourself solid for  
a good obituary notice.

After all that has been said and done  
there are no farms in Maine to give away.  
The superintendent of schools of Iowa,  
wrote the superintendent in this State for  
information respecting abandoned farms  
which he understood were plenty and  
could be had for the asking and a  
minimum expenditure. He was immedi-  
ately informed that Maine had none of  
that variety.

Among this week's literary visitors at  
my desk is No. 1 of "The Black Cat." The  
Black Cat is the latest magazine  
oddy and hails from the Shortstory  
Publishing Co., Boston. The magazine  
is evidently born of a combination of  
fin de siecle eccentricity and an accumula-  
tion of syndicate manuscripts. The first  
number is made up of seven short stories  
by minor authors, each story embellished  
by silhouette initials and tail pieces in  
which midnight felines figure extensively.  
Altogether, though, The Black Cat is  
well worth the nickel for which it sells.

The following yarn proves conclusively  
that they either raise remarkable girls or  
tremendous liars out in Montana: A  
story told in Butte, Mon., of a 13-year-  
old girl named Alice Jackson, who lives  
on her father's ranch, 17 miles south of  
Butte. She was out on horseback in the  
mountains, unarmed and accompanied  
only by a dog. She came across a large  
black bear and headed it toward home.  
With the help of the dog she managed to  
keep it going in the right direction until  
she reached the cattle corral, where her  
brother come up and shot and killed the  
bear. It weighed 600 pounds, and there  
are the hide and the girl to show for it.

### Can the Blind See?

A blind man in Massachusetts travels  
about the state selling books. When he  
once hears a person's voice, and learns  
his name, he always remembers the two.  
Recently he was in the town of Hudson,  
where lives a former Phillippian, a staunch  
tetotaler, by the way, whom our book  
agent had met on former visits. Our  
Maine freind seeing him on the hotel  
piazza entertaining a lively audience  
walked up and taking his hand, pleasantly  
greeted him. The blind man at once  
replied, "Why, how are you Moulton,  
been a long time since I saw you last,  
come in and take a drink with me."  
"Thank you," says our friend, "but I  
never drink anything." "Never drink  
anything? Well I'll be hanged if I should  
think it by the looks of your face." There

## The Kennebago Region

HAS ALWAYS OFFERED

MORE ATTRACTIONS TO HUNTERS THAN  
ANY PORTION OF MAINE.

This Season the Hunting  
Is As Good As Ever!

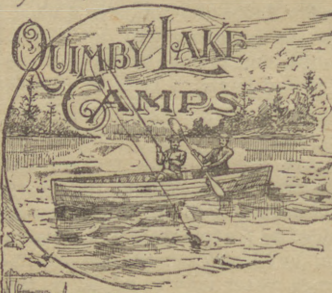
Come to the Kennebago Lake House if You Want the Best.

Address,

**RICHARDSON BROTHERS,**

Kennebago Lake, Me.

OAKES & SCOTT



OPEN FROM  
May 15th to Jan. 1.

**Best Fall Hunting**  
IN THE RANGELEY REGION!

These Camps are new and warm, easy of access,  
and in good hunting territory. Visitors will be assured  
of good sport for either large or small game.

Quimby Lake is a beautiful spot, but six miles from  
Rangeley, with a good road direct to the camps, no  
tiresome buckboarding. Round Pond, Dodge Pond,  
and the Kennebago Stream, all famous Hunting  
Grounds, are but two miles distant.

**OAKES & SCOTT,**

Proprietors,

RANGELEY, - - - MAINE.

## FOREST CAMPS, LOON LAKE, RANGELEY, MAINE.

MOOSE,  
CARIBOU,  
DEER,  
AND  
BIRD  
SHOOTING.

LOON LAKE, situated five miles from Range-  
ley, on the Kennebago road, is one of the  
best sporting resorts in Maine, and at the same  
time the surroundings and provisions for the  
comfort of guests make it exceptionally popu-  
lar with parties who wish to take their fami-  
lies from the city during the hot weather. Mail  
is received at Forest Camps, daily. Our guests  
have the advantage of a good carriage road  
for three miles of the distance from Rangeley  
Village to our camps. Those who would enjoy  
the walk for a part of the distance over the  
road through the woods can take a carriage at  
Rangeley for the first three miles and enjoy  
that recreation for the last two. Boats and  
Guides furnished. Open from May 1st to Jan.  
1st. For terms address, R. S. YORK, Rangeley.

THE  
HOME  
OF  
THE  
GAMEST  
TROUT.

**R. S. YORK & J. F. OAKES, Proprietors.**

was a big roar in which our down easter  
joined as heartily as the others.

### Worse Than Hades.

Late in the fall of '94, Martin L. Fuller  
of Rangeley, went up into the Saddleback  
region with a crew of men to commence  
on his camps. At the time of the story,  
they had no bed save Mother Earth, and  
no tent but the canopy of Heaven; in other  
words, they slept out of doors on the cold,  
hard ground. This was all very well  
when the weather was pleasant, but one  
night came a fierce rain storm. After  
supper was out of the way the men rolled  
up in their blankets and lay down to  
sleep. It rained hard, but the men were  
weary and one by one dozed off. What  
therest of them dreamed history saith not,  
but Martin's dream was like this: He  
dreamt that the evil spirit (Satan,  
Beelzebub, Devil or anything else you are  
pleased to call him) had come to earth to  
claim his own. He took the major part of  
of Rangeley, only a few being left for  
heavenly honors. Next he went up to  
Dallas and gathered in his victims. Then  
he started for the mountain, knowing by  
intuition that there was something evil  
there. When he came on Martin and his  
men, the evil one looked them over like a  
connoisseur in torture. They were lying

amongst the stumps and pools of rain  
water, and the rain was falling steadily as  
ever. For an instant he hesitated; then  
he said: "You may all stay just as you  
are. Your punishment is worse than any  
torture I have in Hades."

And then Martin woke up.

### Dallas.

George Fitch has moved from Dallas to  
his farm in Rangeley Plantation.

Mrs. H. M. Brackett and Ruey Brack-  
ett, have returned from Bemis where they  
have been working.

### Phillips.

Last Friday, Miss Adelaide, the little  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pratt,  
celebrated her eleventh birthday, with a  
party composed of ten little companions.  
Several hours were very pleasantly spent  
and the little hostess was the recipient of  
many pretty gifts.

### Another Christian Science Murder.

Down in New Haven the authorities are  
determined to break up a circle of so  
called Christian Scientists. The immedi-  
ate cause is the death of a ten weeks' old  
infant who was weaned at four weeks of  
age and from that time till its death, fed  
on condensed milk and Christian Science  
treatment. There may be a streak of in-  
sanity in everyone, but when it takes this  
form, and attempts to raise something  
from nothing it had better be expurgated.  
May coroner Mix, of New Haven, succeed.



# With the Sportsmen.

Fred Hoar shot a doe near Greely Pond, Saturday.

Jos. E. Lamb shot four partridges Friday of last week.

Weston Toothaker, of Phillips, and Charlie Skofield, of Farmington, went home this week with two deer which they shot up Dead River way.

G. M. Whitin, of Whitinsville, Mass., and Mr. Reach, of New York, went home Monday, after a successful hunting trip at Little Kennebago. John J. Wilbur and Jimmy Mathieson were their guides.

Fish and Game Commissioner Wentworth says: "There is more game this year than ever before, and the supply will by no means be exhausted, even if every man who goes into the woods shoots all the law allows."

We are asked to say nothing about a certain Phillips man who spent all day Friday gunning unsuccessfully, for partridges, near Saunder's Mill, where he has pastured the Redington horses this summer. So we won't.

A party consisting of Dr. T. D. Myers, D. M. Myers, A. B. Vander Weiler, of Philadelphia, and W. A. Boss, of Wilton, Me., returned home from King and Bartlett, Thursday. They have been there for some weeks and enjoyed excellent sport, first with the fishing and later with the shooting.

Among those who went home Tuesday were Messrs. F. D. Youngling, W. G. Youngling, Geo. E. Bright and E. C. Smart, of Pottsville, Pa. These gentlemen have been enjoying a ten days' sporting trip with Landlord Whorff at the Mooselookmeguntic House. They shot five deer and over 50 partridges, all told. Two of the deer they shot on the carry. Their guides were: Ed. Lowell, Gene Soule, Nate Ellis and Russ Spinney. The whole party say they have enjoyed things immensely and will be sure to be here again next year.

Fish Commissioners Wentworth, Stanley and Oak, held a hearing at Wilson's Mills, on the Magalloway, last week. The hearing was on the petition previously mentioned in RANGELEY LAKES asking that the tributaries of the Magalloway river and the main stream above, and including, Parmachenee Falls, be closed to fishing. The closing of these waters will protect the young trout and landlocked salmon on their breeding grounds, thus making better fishing all around. Taking this view of the case, the commissioners paid no heed to the opposition, and granted the petition.

It was down at Wild Rose Cottage, on Sand River Ponds, a few days ago that the following happened: The latest arrival had come prepared for anything in the game line. While he was off looking for moose (and incidentally anything from caribou to jackrabbits) the rest of the party put up a joke on him. Carefully removing the hindquarters of a rabbit they had previously killed, they placed the forequarters in the bushes in as lifelike a manner as possible. By and by the hunter came back empty-handed. Scarcely had he settled down in camp when one of the others rushed in saying: "Come quick, Joe, here's a rabbit right out here." "Where?" asked the victim jumping for his gun. Getting his eye on the animal he fired, exclaiming as he did so: "Gee whillikens! I've stove him all to pieces!" And the rest of the gang haven't finished laughing yet.

Joe Boston, of Phillips, shot three partridges at two shots the other day.

N. P. Noble and F. H. Wilbur shot three partridges on the way from Rangeley to Phillips last week.

Messrs. Kempton, Calden and a friend West Phillips the other day.

from Farmington shot two deer up in Geo. Wilcox shot a red-tail hawk recently, which measured 52 inches across the wings, 22 inches from head to tail.

Lewis Rowe, of Madrid, says the partridges are the thickest they have been for 20 years—"and the wildest I ever knew," he adds.

K. W. Oakes, though now living in the village, is ready to take hunting parties to Quimby Lake Camps at any time during the remainder of the season.

Sumner Perry shot a 272-pound buck in his orchard near Madrid, Saturday. The animal was a beauty and had the handsomest set of antlers seen in a long time.

Such catches as are reported by the old times, seem large but just think that in those days where there were ten fishermen, there are now hundreds and scarcely a man of them but what gets some fish.

David Haley and son Leon each shot a deer, buck and doe, three miles from their house, in the vicinity of Quimby Pond. Mrs. Haley left a generous piece of venison so we are positive that this is a true story.

Mr. Gilkey informs us that he and Charles Soule built the first camp at Haines Landing after the one that Peter Haines built. Later George Soule built a larger camp and took the one Mr. Gilkey built for a stable.

Mr. E. B. Whorff, proprietor of the Mooselookmeguntic House, sends us change for his advertisement too late for this week. Elsewhere in this department you will see what he has to offer in the way of hunting.

Among this weeks visitors at Billy Soule's Pleasant Island Camps have been: Mr. E. H. Sprague and wife, of Boston, Appleton Webb, of Waterville, Me., and Henry Wheeler, of Newtonville, Mass. Mr. Sprague and Mr. Webb have had splendid sport bird shooting.

Twenty-five years ago, Maj. Gilkey, of Strong, on the occasion of his annual visit, secured the services of our townsman, John Haley, Esq., as guide. They were at Indian Rock and Haley's boat was at the Eddy on Rangeley stream. They went up for it and fished a short time taking one of nearly 9 lbs. one of 4½ lbs. and one of 3½ lbs.

Next year the young fry, naturally hatched, will be more plentiful than any year for a long time. The extremely low water has kept the fish in the lakes and the spawning season will be later, or the fish will spawn in better protected waters than heretofore. It will not do, however, to let up on the hatching business, the risk of natural growth is too great; yet, if the streams are well guarded and the spawning beds protected Nature will do her part of the business.

## Senator Frye's Deer.

Senator Frye returned home this week after a month's stay. Amos Ellis and wife opened camp for Senator Frye, Sept. 9th, the Senator and wife arriving the 10th. Among their guests were: Dr.

W. K. Oakes and wife, of Auburn; Mr. Wm. Spear, Boston; Gen. Sawtell and wife, Governor's Island, N. Y.; Mr. Frank Briggs and wife, Auburn.

After entertaining his guests for three weeks and enjoying the best fly fishing for a number of years, Senator Frye, with Gen. Sawtell as guest, went to Kennebago farm for a week's shooting. They were accompanied by Mr. Frye's guide, Amos Ellis, and Rufus Porter.

They found game in abundance. Not a day passed that they did not see from two to ten deer, once seeing four together. They shot all told, one large deer, seven black duck, two mallards and eighteen prtridges.

Messrs. Frye and Sawtell went home Tuesday, declaring this the best outing they ever had.

## KILLED BY A GLANCING BULLET.

### A Story of the Cupsuptic Valley Which Seems Almost Incredible.

A well known and truthful guide, and a regular attendant of Sabbath School was in town a day or two ago and relates the following: "Last week I was guiding J.B. Freeman, Esq., of New Jersey. We were after large game and were way up on the Cupsuptic stream, at a point where the stream expands into quite a pond. Tracks of deer were all about and I knew we would not have a long wait before one appeared. I selected a protected point where an unobstructed view for half a mile on either side of the stream was had. We had only got in position when a beauty of a buck stepped from the bushes on the shore into the water. He was too far off to venture a shot, so we laid low and waited. After a look up and down the stream he started in our direction, occasionally stopping to take a bite from the bushes, and in a short time was so near as to make an excellent mark. He stood for a moment full side towards us, head erect, gazing into the bushes. Mr. Freeman took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger, but the cartridge failed to explode. The deer seemingly jumped twenty feet, going out of sight between some immense boulders. Mr. Freeman was so struck with astonishment at the failure of his rifle that he seemed to be paralyzed. He never moved, or changed the position of his rifle when all of a sudden it went off. There were words used that we were both sorry for afterward, but it was a trying time.

"However we went to examine the tracks and see the direction the buck had taken. Well, I have hesitated about telling the rest of the story but it is gospel truth. Not ten rods from where the deer stood when the hammer snapped, was his dead body. We thought at first it was caused by fright but seeing blood running from under him, we turned him over and found a bullet hole just over his heart. As it was on the opposite side from that which Mr. Freeman would have hit, We felt sure some other hunter was near and had fired at just the time the poor cartridge had exploded. No one appeared and we could find no signs of another hunter in the vicinity.

"Neither of us are superstitious but here was something beyond our explanation. We extracted the bullet and found it to be the peculiar kind used by Mr. Freeman. Then we began to study. Going back to the point where we had been hidden the gun was pointed as nearly as could be in its former direction, the course was taken and it led to a boulder, the face of which was covered with a polished surface of quartz, and on this surface was a mark evidently made from a leaden missile, the angle of deflection would turn the bullet in the direction of the course taken by the deer and would cause the shot to enter on the opposite side from us, as we had discovered. We were satisfied with this explanation and accordingly appropriated the venison.

"Mr. Freeman has sent the head to be mounted and above it will be the bullet

that made this, the most wonderful shot ever known."

In reply to the request to publish his name, the guide hesitated, finally he said, "It's a true story, but no one will believe it, and as I have never before met with an adventure that would call my credibility into question, I had rather remain unknown."

## A THREE-LEGGED DEER.

### The Latest Curiosity at Eustis.—Lots of Big Game Being Killed.

EUSTIS, Me., Oct. 7, (Special).—An "A No. 1," deer was shot by Edgar Willard at Barnard Pond, Oct. 1. He also secured a nice buck with eight prongs, Oct. 3. Added to these two deer is Mr. Willard's bear and a long string of partridges so that he is fully satisfied with the fall apout.

The latest curiosity in the shape of a deer is the one recently shot by William Perry at Eustis. It was a large buck with only one foreleg. The other leg must have been taken off some time ago as the wound was healed and sound.

Large game is very plenty this fall, in this vicinity and is being brought in in large quantities. SKID.

E. T. L. writes in Forest and Stream, his method of keeping minnows when conveying them from place to place. "When starting out I take two pails of water, with the minnows all in one pail. When they begin to come to the top, I pour off the water and pour in the water from the other pail, when they come up again pour water and minnows back into first pail, and repeat as often as they rise to the top. I sent 500 minnows, by rail, 100 miles in a three gallon pail, cover reversed, with a hole in center and a large piece of ice in the cover, so as it melted the water would run into the pail and thus keep it fresh. Only one died."

## The Aroostook Wolf Again.

[Bangor News.]

S. D. Reynolds of Caribou saw two wolves in his sheep pasture last Monday. They were large fellows and did not seem much alarmed at the approach of man, but slowly glided off into the woods. Mr. Reynolds immediately went home and told his son, who took his rifle and went in search of the animals, but could discover nothing of them.

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

TRANSCRIBED FROM THE RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE REGISTER.

### WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2.

Fletcher Pope,	Danvers, Mass.
James S. Smart,	Salem, "
H. H. Pillsbury,	Danvers, "
Isaac F. Knowlton,	Hamilton, "

### THURSDAY, Oct. 3.

H. A. Wheeler,	Newtonville, Mass.
Geo. L. Stevens,	Farmington.
W. B. Ade,	Portland.
Wm. J. Whitney,	Do.
H. H. Field,	Phillips.
F. H. Russell,	Farmington.

### FRIDAY, Oct. 4.

William C. Eaton and wife,	Portland.
E. H. Day,	Springfield.
David Hale,	Do.
Jas. Hale,	Do.

### SATURDAY, Oct. 5.

E. S. Butler,	New York.
A. W. Jones,	Portland.
Mrs. J. O. Evans,	Washington, D. C.
Fridge Reach,	N. Y. City.
H. S. Whtin, and wife,	Whitinsville, Mass.
S. F. Darling,	Providence, R. I.
Martin F. Bartlett,	Waterville.
C. Edward Bartlett,	Eliot, Me.
Chas. J. Mc—Jr.,	Philadelphia.
Whitney Sweetsir,	Do.
F. Hillard,	Hartford, Ct.
G. F. Burns,	Portland.

### MONDAY, Oct. 7.

J. W. Byron,	Phillips.
Chas. G. Sawtelle,	U. S. Army.
Isaac F. Knowlton,	Hamilton, Mass.
H. H. Pillsbury,	Danvers,
F. C. Buckman,	Lewiston.

### TUESDAY, Oct. 8.

Frank S. Gould,	Portland.
W. M. Stephenson,	Do.
F. Pope,	Danvers, Mass.
Fred B. Estes,	Portland.
F. A. Little,	Do.
C. E. Russell,	Farmington.
H. J. Hammett,	Portland.
A. L. Barker,	Lowell.
E. T. Hatch,	Portland.



## SOCIETY WEDDING.

## How a Blonde Beauty Dressed for the Occasion.

## A Colored Writer of Popular Songs Gets Sixty Days.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8, 1895.

Although the marriage of Miss Lucille Blackburn to Mr. Thomas F. Lane, of New Jersey, was supposed to be strictly a family affair, there being no invitations sent out, it was quite largely attended, owing to the newspaper announcement of the time—noon yesterday—and the place—St. Matthew's Church. Senator Blackburn, father of the bride, gave her away, and Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Corinne, and Mr. Joseph Blackburn, Jr., came from Kentucky especially to attend the marriage. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Lane left for New York. In about ten days they will sail for Europe, their intention being to spend the winter in Southern France. Last night the Blackburns returned to Kentucky, where the Senator has some rather difficult work ahead of him before he returns for the Congressional season. The bride is a vivacious blonde, and as her costume was imported from fashion's European headquarters I will endeavor to describe it for the especial benefit of such of your blonde young lady readers as may be thinking of doing likewise. Her gown was of black and green matelasse; the bodice of white silk brocaded in a bright flower design, opened back and front over dark green velvet. The large sleeves—puffed, of course—were of heavy matelasse. Shoulder straps of green velvet, edged with jet, and natively arranged jabot of duchess lace added to the effectiveness. Her hat was black velvet, with black ostrich plumes flared off the face, and the brim lined with pale rose velvet. The short wrap worn to church was hunter's green velvet, trimmed with black ostrich tips and duchess lace. She carried a great bunch of American Beauty roses, tied with long streamers of green ribbon to which were tied sprays of lilies of the valley, making it a shower bouquet.

There is at least one man in Washington who takes no stock in that ancient story about the man who writes the songs of a country having a more desirable job than the fellow who makes the laws. This individual is the writer of several songs, once heard on every side, among them "Climbing up the Golden Stairs" and "Going Down the River on a Gospel Raft." His name is James Bland; his color is between that of a new saddle and the dark brown taste that most men have had upon one or two mornings of their existence, and he used, in the days when Haverly and other managers were exploiting colored minstrel companies in this and other countries, to proudly proclaim himself as one of "de perfesh." When making an European tour with one of these companies, singing his own songs, etc., Mr. Bland agreed thoroughly with him who said: "I care not who makes their laws, if I can write their songs," but now—well, now "Jim" has gone "down to the farm" for sixty days, because he flimflammed a jay out of \$5.00, and he is fully satisfied that the song writer isn't in it, either with the law makers or the law enforcers. Thus are cynics made.

Whatever else may be said about Gen. Nelson A. Miles, the new Commander of the U. S. Army—and much can and will be said, both by those who admire him and those who do not—he is, notwithstanding his lack of a West Point education, the most soldierly looking man who has commanded the army for a long time. It is no detractor of the great military abilities of Gens. Grant, Sheridan, Sherman and Schofield, to say that neither of them looked the ideal soldier, even when in full uniform. If you saw Gen. Miles in a laborer's blouse, you would know that he was a soldier without being told.

It seems to be getting quite the thing

for Princes to do this town incognito. The last one was Prince Heroyasa, a member of Japan's imperial family who left for San Francisco last night, on his way home. This young man, who has been a student at Kiel, Germany, spent a week in Washington, where he was much pleased to be able to go sight-seeing instead of being one of the sights himself. The young fellow is bright, and if Japan gets into another war he may be heard from later, as he is a sub-lieutenant in the Japanese navy, and is enthusiastic over everything connected with the fighting of modern ships of war. This may be judged by his saying, when asked what had interested him the most since he came to Washington: "Your big gun factory." He had been reading about the recent government tests, when one of the guns made at this factory drove a shell through a heavy Harveyized nickel-steel armor plate, and the first thing he did after getting to Washington was to inspect the machinery used in making those guns, and the unfinished guns now on hand. He knew what he was inspecting, too, as he is familiar with Krupp's big establishment in Germany.

## Far in the Forest.

Among other good things for October, Harper's Magazine has a delightfully told story of a camping out trip in Canada. The author and his wife betake themselves to the woods back of Lake St. John and there lodge, as he happily expresses it, with Mother Green at the sign of the Balsam Bough. He says they had a garden but—"it was the season of fruits. Nature was reducing the decorations of her table to make room for the banquet. She offered us berries instead of blossoms." And his description of them would answer so well to a bit from our Maine woods that we will give it.

"There were the light coral clusters of the dwarf cornel set in whorls of pointed leaves; and the deep blue balls of the *Clintonia borealis* (which the White Mountain people call the bear-berry, and I hope the name will stick, for it smacks of the woods, and it is a shame to leave so free and wild a plant under the burden of a Latin name); and the gray, crimson-veined berries for which the Canada May-flower had exchanged its feathery white bloom; and the ruby drops of the twisted-stalk hanging like jewels along its bending stem. On the three-leaved table which once carried the gay flower of the wake-robin there was a scarlet lump like a red pepper escaped to the forest and run wild. The partridge vine was full of rosy provision for the birds. The dark, tiny leaves of the creeping snowberry were all sprinkled over with delicate drops of spicy foam. There were a few belated raspberries, and if we chose to go out into the burnt ground, we could find blueberries in plenty."

They catch fish, wonderful ones of course, land-locked salmon being counted the chief glory, but there are also pike and pickerel. The "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin" appears to lie in fish stories—no pun intended however—and it would seem that when one begins such a story he feels that his reputation for veracity is gone forever. This is evidently the case with Mr. Van Dyke for after recording the catch of salmon in which "the size of the biggest fish" steadily mounted, four pounds, four and a half, five, five and three-quarters, "Precisely almost six pounds," said Ferdinand, holding the scales, "but we may call him six m'sieu' for if it had been tomorrow that we had caught him he would certainly have gained the other ounce. And yet why should I repeat the fisherman's folly of writing down the record of that marvellous catch? We always do it, but we know that it is a vain thing. Does not Christopher North, reviewing the Salmonia of Sir Humphrey Davy mock and jeer unfeignedly at the fish stories of that most reputable writer? But, on the very next page, old Christopher himself

meanders on into a perilous narrative of the day when he caught a whole cart-load of trout in a Highland loch. Incurable, happy inconsistency! Slow to believe others and full of sceptical inquiry, fond man never doubts one thing, that somewhere in the world a tribe of gentle readers will be discovered to whom his fish stories will appear credible."

## Conclusion of Phillips Fair Premium Awards.

## GRAPES.

Delaware, first, J. F. Toothaker; second Fred Morton; Northern Muscadine, first, Fred Morton; Brighton, first, Ansel Dill; second, Fred Morton. First to Ansel Dill on Moyer, Agawam and Concord. First to J. F. Toothaker on Clinton, Blood Seedling and Moores' Early. First to H. S. Sampson, Isabella.

## TOMATOES.

Charles Hewey, first M. H. Davenport, second.

## CANNED FRUIT.

Miss Effie Butler, first; Mrs. Ansel Dill, second. Pickles, Mrs. John W. Shepard, first.

## BUTTER, CHEESE AND BREAD.

Best firkin butter, Mrs. D. O. Gleason; ball butter, Mrs. E. D. Prescott, first; Mrs. A. C. Nickerson, second; Mrs. J. M. Worthly, third. Cheese first and second, Mrs. L. A. Bunnell. Brown Bread, Belle Sampson, first. Doughnuts, Mrs. H. S. Sampson, first. Ornamental Cake, first, Mrs. Frank Lowell; second, Belle Sampson; third, Mrs. Wm. Jacobs. Ginger snaps, first, Mrs. H. S. Sampson; second, Mrs. Chas. Hewey.

## LADIES' MANUFACTURES DIVISION 1.

Quilts, Mrs. Adelphus Parker, first; Mrs. Fultz, second, and third. Comforter, Mrs. Alfred Toothaker, first; Mrs. Ed. Keene, second. Silk Quilt, Minnie Hinds, first. Worsted Quilt, Mrs. Gilbert Kempton, second; Hooked Rug, Mrs. Seldon Keene, first; Mrs. Anna Beal, second; Mrs. H. E. Harnden, third; Blanche Hood, gratuity. Fancy Rug, Mrs. Chas. Swett, first and third; Mrs. Adelphus Parker, second. Braided Rugs, Mrs. Weston Toothaker, first; Mrs. Geo. Hinkley, second and gratuity; Mrs. H. S. Sampson, third. Domestic Carpeting, Mrs. S. Dunham, first; Mrs. Chas. Swett, second.

## DIVISION 2.

Men's hose, Mrs. John Shepard, 1st, Mrs. Solomon Dunham, 2nd, Mrs. Adelphus Parker, 3d. Ladies' hose, Mrs. C. H. Brimigion, 1st, Mrs. Alonzo Pease, 2nd, Mrs. Cora E. Dunham 3d. Double mittens, Mrs. Solomon Dunham 1st; Mrs. Alfred Toothaker, 2nd. Ladies' mittens, Miss Lizzie Dill, 1st; Mrs. Alton Quimby, 2nd, Mrs. George Haley, 3d. Chair tidy, Miss Lizzie Dill, 1st; Mrs. Alfred Toothaker, 2nd, Miss Eva Fairbanks, 3d. Sofa pillow, Mrs. Marcia Leavitt, 1st; Mrs. Lelia Wright 2nd, Mrs. J. B. Wells 3d. Toilet set, Lizzie Dill 1st; Mrs. Sherman Whitney, 2d. Table mats, Mrs. Marcia Leavitt, 1st; Miss Velina Harnden, 2d. Drawn work, Mrs. H. E. Harnden, 1st and 3d, Mrs. D. M. Howe 2d. Outline work, Eda Hackett, 1st, Belle Sampson, 2d. Knit lace, Mrs. Sherman Whitney, 1st, Mrs. D. O. Gleason, 2nd. Specimen miscellaneous fancy work, Lizzie Dill, 1st, Florence Fultz, 2d. Six skeins woollen yarn, Mrs. D. M. Howe 1st. Fancy cushion, Lizzie Dill, gratuity. Fancy slippers, Mrs. Geo. Haley 1st.

## SEWING AND PATCHING.

Hand sewing, Julia Hackett, first; Mrs. H. E. Harnden, second. By child under twelve. Vevie Harnden, first. Suit dolls clothing, Vevie Harnden, first.

## PAINTING AND DRAWING.

Water color and crayon drawing, Miss Bana Beal, first on each.

## FLORICULTURE.

Vase bouquets, Mrs. D. O. Gleason, first; Mrs. Chas. Hewey, second; Mrs. D. M. Howe, third. Boquet grasses, Mrs. D. M. Howe, first. Petunias, Mrs. E. A. Peary, first.

## GRADE JERSEY.

Guernsey bull, C. A. Russell & son, first. Bull calf, D. D. Graffam, first. Milch cow, M. H. Davenport, first; E. Dill, second. Three-years-old heifer, W. C. Howland, first; S. A. Blodgett, second. Two-years-old heifer, M. H. Davenport, first; W. C. Howland, second. Yearling heifer, E. Dill, first; B. F. Whittemore, second. Heifer calves, H. O. Gleason, first; M. H. Davenport, second.

Put this



Into a tasty advertisement in RANGELEY LAKES and it will come back to you with



And if you continue to put your



Into advertising, you will some day have a bank account of many

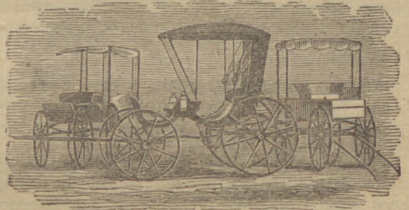


## Carriages!

OF ALL KINDS,

At Prices which you Can Afford to Buy.

The Nobby Drop-Axle Buggy, and Other Well Known Styles.



Call at Ross' Livery Stable, Phillips, or write to

**W. J. ROSS,**  
PHILLIPS, MAINE.

RANGELEY

## STEAM MILL

A. B. GROVER, Prop'r.

Long and Short Lumber, Dimension Stuff, Frames, and All Stock for Building,

On Hand, or Manufactured At Short Notice.

Your orders respectfully solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

A. B. GROVER,

MAIN STREET, : : RANGELEY, MAINE.

## REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Samuel A. Blanchard,

PHILLIPS, MAINE.

Gives notice that he will Tap Boots and Shoes, using the best of stock, for 35 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed. 1ml2

**Job Printing** NEATLY EXECUTED  
At Rangeley Lakes Printing Office.



A BABY PHILOSOPHER.

"Me don't want to say 'good night';  
Want to say 'good morning,'"  
Lisped my little man in white,  
My suggestions scorning.

"But 'tis night, my baby dear—  
Darkness and not dawning."  
"Don't want it to be dark. Come here  
And play it's nice 'good morning.'"

Dear philosopher and sage,  
Night with day adorning,  
Always through life's darkened page  
Keep your glad "good morning."  
—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.

SMALLEST GUNNER KNOWN.

Though Not an Inch Long, He Fired a Gun  
and Disconcerted a British Colony.

Cape Town, South Africa, claims the honor of giving birth to the smallest creature ever known to become a gunner in the royal artillery, or any other artillery in the whole world. At the castle, Cape Town, there is a magnificent gun worked by electricity, used for giving the midday and evening time. One fine day all the military and civilians in Cape Town were astonished to hear the gun go off at 10:30 in the morning, an hour and a half before the proper time, 12 being the usual hour for firing. Messengers came from the general commanding the station, the brigade major, commanding officers of each regiment and battery stationed in Cape Town and from everybody interested, but the answer was that no person had been near the gun, nor had anybody interfered with the wires, battery or source from which it was fired. All the officials were fearfully puzzled at the extraordinary occurrence, but could give no explanation whatever. The general in command of the station became furious and said that there was mismanagement somewhere and gave orders for a strict search to be made by the officials for the guilty party.

Search was made, but nothing resulted to throw any light on the extraordinary affair, although the greatest possible pains were taken to solve the mystery. They had practically given the search up, when suddenly the news came from the officials stating that the culprit had been caught and arrested. It seems the electric current for firing off the gun is supplied by the Royal observatory of Cape Town, and goes there by means of an instrument known as a relay that is in the central telegraph office of the station, the distance being about 500 yards. The action of the current going through the instrument's main moves a sort of light tongue, which is very finely set, so fine that the least little thing would affect it. This forces the current directly into what they term the time fuses, which have the power of firing the gun at the castle.

On examining the instrument one of the officials found a big brown spider inside. It appears that while having an exploring trip around the instrument the unfortunate spider must have touched this tongue sufficiently to move it, and consequently it fired off the gun. The general commanding the station sent the spider to the Cape Town museum, where he is now to be seen with a card underneath him entitling him the "Little Gunner" and giving a full account of his adventure with the Cape Town midday time gun, which proved his last adventure, however.—New York World.

Books in Paper Covers.

I have been able to give only a hasty glance over a field where there is much to be gleaned by the patient laborer, but I trust I have succeeded in showing that the paper cover is not a thing to be despised, that it may be a thing of beauty and that it may be a thing of value. One word of warning, and I have done—never destroy the paper cover of a book, even of the least important pamphlet. The integument is an integral part of the book, and if the book is worth keeping so is its cover, which should be bound in always. The wrapper may contain advertisements or other information, or it may have a portrait or some other illustration not contained within the book itself, and then if you remove the wrapper your book will never be perfect. To the expert it will seem always to be short of something, defective, incomplete, even though it should be in the binding of a Trautz-Bauzonnet or of a Cobden-Sanderson.—Professor Brander Matthews in Century.

Espiritu Santo bay, in Texas, is "the bay of the Holy Spirit."

GODDESS OF CRIMPS.

SHE SHOWED THE SQUAWS HOW TO  
WAVE THEIR HAIR.

Singing Bird First Fell Under the Spell  
and Carried the News to the Indian  
Camp—Amusing Recollections of a Frontier Army Officer's Wife.

"Children are alike the world over," is an oft heard remark. So is woman, say I, when it comes to longing for the beautiful, for what she considers personal adornment. In recalling my early married life, away back in the sixties, spent in the heart of an Indian country, hundreds of miles from the nearest railroad, a comical scene comes before my vision. My husband, an army officer, took me, a bride, from a comfortable, well appointed Michigan home out to a tumble down, forlorn little one company post in the wilds of New Mexico. Shall I ever forget the day of my arrival, after a long day's ride in a rickety old stage through scorching sand beds and miles of "buffalo grass" and sagebrush, with a dry, hot wind blowing every step of the way and fairly boiling the very water in our canteens?

The sun was setting when my husband exclaimed, "There is Fort St. Annie!" I saw by the aid of a strong fieldglass a tattered "Old Glory" which the wind threatened to soon sever from its long, slender pole, and under its folds a sentry on his beat. I looked and strained my eyes for the houses, which I saw not and said so, whereupon Captain J. pointed to the right and said, "There is our house." Ye Mexicans! That upheaval on the side of the bank from which a rusty, cracked stove-pipe peeped? That "our house?"

But I was a bride then, and many happy days were spent in the "dugout" house, and I was not at all idle, though my household duties were light in that humble abode, consisting of one room or an apology for two, for I partitioned it off with a large gray government blanket, behind which was the bedchamber. I cut a small hole unbeknown in the blanket by the bed, through which I often peeped into the drawing room at the late callers and if on sufficiently intimate terms carried on conversation at my end of the line, reclining in state, glancing from my observatory now and then to see the effect of my remarks upon our callers seated there with my good captain on the upholstered candle boxes and the three legged stool—the stool that I found on the prairie bedded deep in some sand and sagebrush, relic of some camping outfit gone to no one knows where.

This small post was in the center of an Indian reservation, and the post trader did a large business with the braves and their consorts. I, being the only white woman in that vicinity, was naturally a never failing source of amusement and keen interest to the squaws of the community, and my comical recollection, previously mentioned, is connected with these wild eyed, wondering women.

In the day of the crimping pin I was standing before a cracked hand mirror, others having been confiscated by the Indians, who were pleased as monkeys over them, twisting my long brown hair in and out of the crimping pin. My maid, a buxom, dumpy squaw, stood gazing at me, giving vent to an occasional grunt and protruding her upper lip. She also happened to see me take down my crimps, when she fairly shook with delight and admiration and, made excited gesticulations, which amused me greatly, as I discovered she wanted her hair done in like manner. To braid a horse's mane and have it wave nicely is an act, but nothing when compared to coaxing crimp into Indian hair. An hour's work saw the task done, however, and my Indian maid waited in feverish impatience for the morrow's dawn, before which I made her understand those pins were not to be taken down if she wished her hair like mine.

The morrow came at snail's pace to her, and with it Singing Bird, smiling and expectant. The ecstasy of that poor, simple, lately captured Indian squaw as one pin after another was unfastened and the blue black masses of wavy hair fell over her head and shoulders was worth an artist's brush. I admired and praised her, but not more than she did herself. No court beauty was ever more bewitched by herself than she. Crimps or no crimps, the breakfast had to be prepared, but no other labor

would Singing Bird do that morning, not until she had gone to the Indian camp and sutler store and shown herself. What was the verdict of her lady friends? They all, each and every dusky, horsehaired squaw of each and every tepee on that arid plain, returned with my vain Bird, asking that their hair be made "heap good," like white squaw's and Singing Bird's.

I had heard of fashions spreading rapidly, but never like unto this, and I the author of it too! Horrors, those 50 or more heads to pull and twist! I saw no way out of the appalling dilemma, and calling the source of all my trouble I sent her to the post trader's with a note begging him to send me post haste all the hairpins he had in stock. The labor was great, and the heads were many, but Singing Bird soon acquired the art and was of great assistance, as she put up nearly as many heads as I, and such a lot of frizzly heads as there were in that agency the next day—for many days, in fact! No matter what their deprivations might be, their heads were wavy. It mattered little if the mocassins of their lords and masters were worn out and beads dropping off for want of diligent wifely attention, that wife's hair went in pins every night.

I shall ever remain as being set apart the goddess of crimps in the minds of the squaws of that section, but I fear me I am remembered as a teacher of evil ways by the heads of those tepees.—J. Williams in Detroit Free Press.

THE MILK TESTER.

Simple and Inexpensive and Invaluable to  
Owners of Milk Cattle.

The English agriculturist is slow to take advantage of modern scientific discoveries and inventions. Even the cream separator, the principle and utility of which are universally understood, has not yet come into general use in this country. As for the milk tester, its very name is unknown to thousands of English farmers. Yet the value of this simple and inexpensive appliance to every one who owns milk cattle is incalculable, and its employment is doing more to advance the dairying industry in America and elsewhere than perhaps even the separator itself. Mere quantity of milk does not give any clue as to the butter producing capability of a cow. But by the tester the percentage of butter fat in each cow's milk is ascertained, with hardly any labor and with absolute accuracy before the milk is poured into the common receptacle for butter making purposes.

The dairyman who has no tester merely knows the quantity of butter his cows produce in the aggregate. He has no clue as to the value of each individual cow in the herd. With the tester on the other hand, he knows exactly how much butter each individual cow produces from every gallon of its milk. By this means he is enabled to cull his herd, replacing poor butter producers by good ones. The poor cow costs just as much for food and attention as the good one, but the annual monetary returns of the two animals show a wide margin of difference. Moreover, a good butter cow produces good butter stock, and so, from his knowledge acquired from the use of the milk tester, the breeder of dairy stock is enabled to select the proper calves to rear and the proper ones to reject.

In this way it becomes perfectly possible, as has been actually done on farms in Vermont and elsewhere in the United States, to grade up a dairy herd from an average production per cow of 150 pounds of butter per annum to an average of 300 pounds and over. With these figures before him, even the layman will grasp the value of such an invention to each individual farmer who uses it. But let us reflect what are the money advantages of the system when spread over the 1,000 farms that contribute to such a creamery as that of St. Albans, Vt.; what the gain to the whole of that great dairying state, what the enhanced profit to the vast dairying industry of America. Were the milk tester in universal use throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the capitalized value of our dairy herds might be increased in a few years' time fully 25 per cent. If, then, the British farmer does not eagerly avail himself of such an invention, can he fairly grumble at being ousted from his own markets by his foreign competitor?—Westminster Review.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Don't Be Frightened When You See the  
Flash, For the Danger Is Past.

If you see a flash of lightning, you will not be struck by it. The chances are largely against your being struck by the next. It is wise, however, not to make yourself a convenient means of escape for electricity on its way into the ground. Therefore do not sit or stand by an open window or door nor in any place where there is a strong draft. Lightning is more dangerous before the rain begins, for the rain helps to carry it to the ground. If out of doors, do not seek shelter under a tree or in a barn.

A recent report sent out by the government states that the popular belief that barns are struck more frequently than other buildings and are particularly liable to disaster when filled with hay is correct. The fact is accounted for principally by the strata of warm air which a well filled barn generates. It may also be due to the absence of crops in the fields, for each stalk acts as a miniature lightning rod. An English lecturer states that a thundercloud cannot cross a river, but the general disturbance may spread so that a similar storm is developed on the opposite side. This probably accounts for showers meeting.

Heat lightning may be the reflection of a distant thunderstorm or it may come from a storm raging high in the air. In this latter case the reason we do not hear thunder is that the sound loses its intensity as it passes through the dense lower air.

A thunderbolt or ball of fire is a reality, though not of the character generally imagined. It is not a solid ball of fire, but merely electricity in a spherical form. Sometimes when it plows into the earth it vitrifies the flint or sand of which the soil is composed, and, this substance being found, the ignorant suppose it fell from the clouds.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Valueless Title.

What a bally lot of idiots foreigners must think we are, for the way in which we jump at anything bearing a title which they may send over here! A fellow has only to announce himself a prince, a count or a baron, and we rush helter skelter to ask him to dinner, present him to our women and make it possible for him to marry our daughters. True, he may be a prince in Russia, where that title increases and multiplies at a dreadful rate, or a baron in Germany, where barons are as plentiful as peanuts in Georgia, or a count in Italy, where counts are all over the place; nobody stops to question the quality of the title; the mere fact of a title at all is enough. It is to be hoped that presently we shall learn that gentlemen with titles are very like gentlemen with none—they vary in quality and degree of merit, and the title has not one atom of saving grace.—Philadelphia Times.

Something Borrowed.

The bridal custom of wearing something borrowed has led to pretty fancies. Years ago one of Bangor's loveliest daughters carried her mother's lace handkerchief on her wedding day. It was loaned to her friend, who was married a year later, and then to a cousin and so on, until now it bears quite a history, for no less than 12 times has it trembled as the bride listened to the solemn words which made her a wife. Happy, happy bit of lace, how we'd like to take your place!—Lewiston Journal.

The Hardest Part to Play.

His Friend—What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage? Footlights—Trying to live up to the salary I told my friends I was drawing.—New York Dispatch.

The man who boasts that he works with his head instead of his hands is respectfully reminded that the woodpecker does the same and is the biggest kind of a bore.—Waterloo Courier.

Think of your own faults the first part of the night, when you are awake, and the faults of others the latter part of the night, when you are asleep.—Chinese Proverb.

With the present optical instruments in use 50,000,000 stars are rendered visible.

Old kid gloves make excellent penwipers.



## AMONG THE ORDERS.

## Society Notes, Rangeley.

Saturday, Oct. 19, Regular meeting Rangeley Commandery No. 408, Order of the Golden Cross. Meet in Church Vestry.  
Wednesday p. m., Oct. 16, Regular meeting W. C. T. U., at the Library.

## Society Notes, Phillips.

Monday, Oct. 14, Regular meeting Mt. Abram Lodge, No. 65, A. O. U. W. Hall in Bates Block.  
Tuesday, Oct. 15, Mt. Saddleback Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 92. Hall, Beal Block.  
Wednesday, Oct. 30, Regular Communication, Blue Mountain Lodge, No. 67, F. & A. M., at Masonic Hall. Installation.  
Thursday, Oct. 17, Regular meeting Cushman Post, No. 87, G. A. R., at Grange Hall, at 7.30 P. M.  
Thursday Oct. 17, Regular meeting Woman's Relief Corps at Grange Hall, 6.30 P. M.  
Saturday, Oct. 12, North Franklin Grange, No. 186, Patrons of Husbandry, at Grange Hall.  
Saturday, Oct. 12, Regular meeting Phillips Commandery, No. 402, Order of the Golden Cross. Bates Hall.

## Local Paragraphs.

Lafe Kempton is building an addition to his house on Pleasant St.

Frank Jacobs is going into the woods to the woods to work cutting lumber.

William Wilcox has sold from his garden over twelve hundred beets and turnips, this season.

Martin Nile has leased the Joe Tibbetts' house, on Main St., for the winter. Mr. Tibbetts will now move back onto his farm in Dallas.

The friends of Mrs. Amos Ellis will be pleased to learn that she will resume dress-making at her home on Lake St., Monday, Oct. 21 and will continue the business through the winter.

Fon Moores was in town Saturday, looking for a chance to locate and start a harness shop. Rangeley is just the place for it, and there will be lots of work this winter when the extensive lumbering operations begin.

How would an "Indian Summer Excursion" to the lakes, provided the present beautiful weather lasts, take with the masses? Say give the excursionists from from Saturday to Monday, and add the additional charm of a game dinner at some of the hotels. The Maine Central could turn over to the Sandy River a goodly number and the S. R. would fill the Phillips & Rangeley train and they, in turn, would fill the hotel. Try one and see.

This paper recently mentioned that summer boarders should try and take a portion of September for their outing. Now we wish to add October to the time, for the pleasant days that have come with this month really seems to be the loveliest of the year. The unclouded sky, the bright, warm sunshine, the richly colored forests, the perfectly calm lake, reflecting, as in a mirror, all the foliage, hills, mountains and rock lined shore, make a reality of what a dream of Paradise could hardly exceed. Indian summer on the lake shore, is rest and enjoyment beyond the power of man to describe; it can only be lived.

The cottage burglars get off easily; Clark and Marden have only two months in jail, and Haley but four. This may be punishment enough, but for breaking and entering seven cottages, stealing more or less from each of them, it seems very light. It is a surprise to the cottagers and to the citizens of Rangeley. There are breaks that the parties, now under sentence, deny making, but circumstantial evidence points to one of them very strongly. It will be very discouraging to parties who contemplate building summer homes, to learn that the burglars are simply given warm and comfortable quarters with good substantial food and no work to do.

Walter Twombly has been ill for a few days.

The Tuesday's rain hung up work on the hotel.

J. F. Herrick has charge of the stone work for the hotel.

Joel H. Byron, Esq., of Phillips, was in town Monday on business.

Cal. Pennock, of Rangeley, left Tuesday for the Soldier's Home at Togus.

William H. Haines is building a large bay window on his house on Lake St.

Chandler Ross and Geo. M. Esty are painting G. A. Proctor's residence on Lake St.

The blasting on the Rumford Falls and Rangeley Lakes railroad is plainly heard in the village.

Joe Ellis, of Phillips, who has been running the steamer on Kennebago Lake, came out Tuesday.

Charlena Dill, who has been spending the summer with Mrs. B. F. Whittemore at Phillips, returned home last week.

Geo. S. Wing is to enlarge his route. This week he will take in the Dead River region and perhaps go home via Kingfield.

The ladies who came in with the Grand Army, mostly members of the Woman's Relief Corps, made RANGELEY LAKES a call while the Post were holding their meeting.

George W. Haley, who has been the butter maker for the Farmington creamery, has closed his connection with that concern and is now working for his brother in this place.

The removal of the piazzas on the Rangeley Lake House has begun. It is not a cheerful sight to see the demolition of the old hotel, but when the rebuilding begins it will cheer up every one.

Dan'l Libby, of Phillips, was in town Tuesday. He is to drive out through Dead River section, Kingfield and home. The new road opens up a route that is much appreciated by people who travel.

Work begun on the excavation for the new hotel Thursday week, and is being pushed. The fine weather is all that could be asked for and if it could only last through the month, great changes will be seen out on the point.

Five teams, holding a party of twelve, drove to Stratton the first of the week. Returning, they took supper at Greene's and reached Rangeley in the evening. The party included: C. H. Neal and wife, Natt Ellis and wife, Mrs. Wm. Haines, G. M. Esty and Miss Georgia, Mr. Darling, B. A. Moulton, Fred Ballard, Misses Lillian Haines and Lelia Hunnewell.

Conductor Robertson tells a good one that happened when he was on the Grand Trunk road. In rounding a curve a man was seen sitting on the rail. The engineer whistled and the fireman rang the bell, but all to no purpose. The engine struck the man and threw him head over heels into the bushes. The train was stopped and all ran back to pick up the pieces, if any could be found. Imagine their surprise at seeing the man come out of the bush, brushing the dirt from his sleeve and asking if he "had damaged the engine any," adding if he had, he "was ready to pay the bills."

Fifteen teams from Phillips, containing members of Cushman Post, G. A. R., and their wives, drove to this place Wednesday. They were met by the Comrades in town and taken to the church vestry where a picnic dinner was served. RANGELEY LAKES knows it was a good one, for the genuine army coffee was tested. There were about 40 who came in, among them were Commander Sweetser, and Comrades Fairbanks, Cushman, Walker, Hall, Harace and Lewis Prescott, Nickerson, Bubier, True, Hanscomb, McKinney, Young, and McKeen, of Phillips, and Peery, Rowe, Hewey and Dunham, of Madrid. In the afternoon a Post meeting was held for the benefit of the Rangeley members.

Mrs. Lamb is improving though not rapidly.

The steam-mill is cutting about 8 M. per day and will soon clear the lake.

Joe Wadsworth, who has spent the summer at Eugene Soule's, went home Monday.

Mr. F. M. Bradley, of Washington, D. C., gave a gospel temperance lecture at the church, Sunday evening.

The steamer Molly was taken to her winter quarters, Monday and the Florence Percy will make the regular trips hereafter.

Ira Hoar has been engaged by Samuel Hano, Esq., as superintendant of the A. T. Toothaker farm, now owned by Mr. Hano, for a year.

John Haley, Esq., who has been sick, since the first week of September, is gaining slowly and is hoping to resume his business in a short time.

Miss Jennie McIntosh, of Nova Scotia, and Miss Rachel Pollok, Waltham, Mass., two of the pleasant waitresses at the Rangeley Lake House the past season, returned to their homes Thursday.

E. T. Hoar, our local rod-maker, is constantly receiving orders for his rods. And the best part of it is that many of them are for a second and third rod from those who are already using one of his.

Rufus Porter has shown us one of the arrow points found at Indian Rock by Clarence Haskell, two years ago. From its shape and size it was probably intended for a spear head but was spoiled in clipping or else it was made for a knife. Fire has evidently injured it.

It would be a good idea to impress on the County Commissioners, the necessity of maintaining good roads in all the Plantations about here. The drives for our summer visitors are not as yet numerous, so let them be made first class. Good roads will attract wheelmen, who otherwise would give this section a wide berth.

The cottages were in use again Sunday, the fine October weather tempting the owners for one more day. Marsquamosy had Misses Luette, Annie, Mellie and Emma Timberlake; Chateaugay was occupied by Joel and Frank H. Wilbur, who were in in for the purpose of housing the Fish Hawk; Moxy Ledge has been open for a few days by the family, who will remain a few days longer.

The train No. 1, on the P. & R. railroad to Rangeley should be called the "Charles Train." It is manned by Charles Smith, conductor, Charles Hamlin, engineer, Charles Allen and Charles Blanchard, brakemen, and Frank Russell, fireman, thinks he will have his name changed to match. That would be "five of a kind," not allowable in a straight game.

Now that the Rangeley Lake House is to leave a vacant spot when it goes on its journey to the point, the question is often asked, "What is to take its place?" Rangeley must, within a very few years, have some manufacturing interests established in her limits, but they had better be off from the main thoroughfare. Perhaps a block of stores, with society hall and offices over, would be the most appropriate to occupy the place. It is an assured fact that inside a year, several new places of business are to be opened in this town, a large wholesale feed and grain house being one. A confectioner and baker is another institution sure to be established. The outlook is very bright.

## RACING FOR OATS.

## Ten Horses Started at Phillips Saturday, The Results.

There wasn't a large crowd at Toothaker Park, Phillips, Saturday afternoon, but it was a thoroughly interested one. In an oat race everyone knows the horses and their drivers and the whole thing is a sort of family affair.

The horses were divided into two classes of five each. The first field managed to come down the stretch near enough in line to get the word on the sixth score. This was a relief to many who had begun to think they would spend all the afternoon scoring. At the first turn it settled down into a fight for first honors between Gypsy G. and Cinderella. Both these horses are handsomely built, well appearing and move with very smooth action, considering how little experience they have had. Mr. Greenwood succeeded in capturing the first two heats but Mr. Hinds then stepped in and took the last three. All five heats were close and it was hard picking a winner till the wire was past.

The second race went to Action in four heats. The first heat was close and exciting but after that Action had it all to himself and won as he pleased in 2.59½, 3.00½, 2.59½. The bay stallion, driven by Mr. Hinds's young son, went round the track as smoothly as a veteran and could easily have taken a mark of 2.50 or thereabouts.

Mr. Hinds, by winning first oats in both races, took home quite a load of grain.

G. E. Rideout was starter; L. E. Bowley and T. M. Parker, judges; Dr. C. L. Toothaker and D. F. Field, timers.

## The summaries:

## FIRST RACE.

Cinderella, blk. m., W. T. Hinds,	3	2	1	1	1
Gypsy G., b. m., E. Greenwood,	1	1	2	2	2
Topsy, br. m., D. M. Eaton,	2	3	3	3	3
John Bunyan, b. g., B. C. Powers,	5	4	4	4	4
Lion, r. s., Rufus Bean,	4	5	5	dr.	

## TIME BY QUARTERS.

¼	½	¾	Finish.
47½	1.37	2.25	3.12½
47½	1.35½	2.23½	3.09½
47	1.32	2.16	3.01½
48	1.35	2.22	3.07
45	1.30	1.15	3.01½

## SECOND RACE.

Action, b. s., W. T. Hinds,	3	1	1	1
Fred, blk. g., W. B. Hoyt,	1	2	2	2
Rosy M., blk. m., H. G. Vining,	2	3	3	3
Bluster, g. g., Frank Haley,	4	4	4	4
Maud M., blk. m., A. L. Matthews,	5	5	dr.	

## TIME BY QUARTERS.

¼	½	¾	Finish.
45	2.29½	2.14	2.59½
45½	1.28	2.12	2.59½
45	1.31	2.15	3.00½
44	1.28	2.11½	2.59½

## Bluebacks.

It is nearing the season for bluebacks and soon the blueback parties will be seen wending their way to the streams where they are found. The habits of this fish need more study, they must exist somewhere during the eleven months and three weeks of the year after they make their annual pilgrimage up the various streams for the purpose of depositing their eggs.

So little is known of them that there is a sort of an ancient legend, that some guide once caught one, with a hook, during the summer, and that a large trout was taken having a partly digested blueback in its stomach. In both cases the parties may have been mistaken for it is very strange that with the exception of these two or three cases, no one has ever found them.

There must be thousands and thousands of them in the Mooselookmeguntic Lake—they all seem to come up from there—but where do they hide? Perhaps there is an underground passage to some undiscovered pond where they go and pass the summer undisturbed. Who can tell us more about them?

# Job Printing

NEATLY EXECUTED,

At This OFFICE.